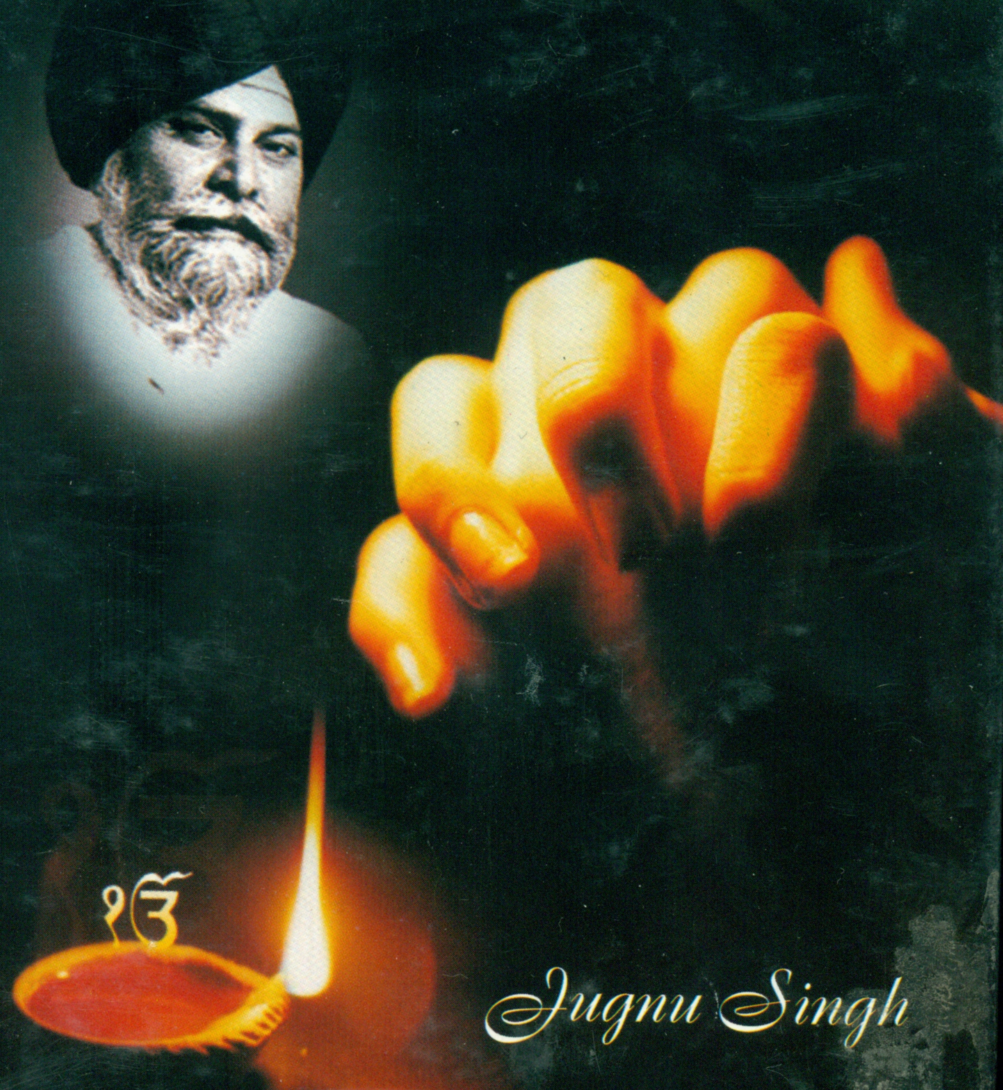
Shraddhanjali

A Tribute to a Saint...

'Panth Ratan' Giani Sant Singh Ji 'Maskin'



Jugnu Singh

Editor
Harjit Singh

'Shraddhanjali'

A Tribute to a 'Saint'

'Panth Rattan; Giani Sant Singh ji Maskin

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Part 1 : Index

Part II : (Poetry Section)

A Tribute

There walked a Saint on this earth,
Who with his 'sweet talks' spread smiles and mirth!
        How can I pay him a tribute?
        The only way I feel, is to become silent and mute.
And then become 'HIS' instrument
To let the 'Saint' speak through me,
Spreading stories of only 'Thy' and 'Thee'.
        Come O' come, ye friend....
        Change me and my trend....
Lets together sing the Lord's glory,
Tell the world nothing but...'HIS' story.
        For this alone is the purpose of our existence,
        This world is the workshop,
        Where we have to only practise resistance.
One step we take and temptations resist,
A hundred thousand steps 'HE' takes
and comes down to assist!

Few Words

An aspirant, constantly in touch with beloved Giani Sant Singh ji 'Maskeen', had the wonderful privilege of HIS blessings and Holy Aura. Usually in touch with him on telephone, while he toured the globe to spread the message of Satguru, she has indeed been very lucky to have been in such close contact with a liberated soul as 'Maskeen' ji.

With a strong background in English literature, she is also a poet par excellence. Her humble contribution of translating 'Maskeen ji's Urdu poetry into English is surely heartening. Her effort and "Shradha bhav" is indeed praiseworthy. The heart warming renderings in English will certainly benefit the Gursikhs across the globe, especially those residing abroad who have a keen interest but do not understand Urdu language.

The first section of her book, 'Shraddhanjali'-a tribute to a saint, comprises of Maskeen ji's Urdu Rubaaiyan in Gurmukhi script, followed by the Roman script and thereafter poetry translations in English. The second part of the book includes her poetry, which I am sure will touch your hearts and bring immense reading pleasure.

I, a humble daas of the Sadh Sangat seek your forgiveness for any mistakes I have made.

Harjit Singh
Editor

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What a Day!!

Our dearest revered Sant Maskeen ji left his holy physical body on 18th February 2005. Ironically, I was very reluctantly travelling that morning towards Delhi with a heavy heart and indescribable vibrations, little understanding that it was the setting of a Saint's (Sun) body that was causing such a turmoil in my heart.

Oh! if only one could understand the hidden language of Nature, the intuitive pointers of the subtle heart. The 'mirror' is yet hazy, the fog still there; tremendous polishing of the heart still required to comprehend the mysterious language of God Almighty....a long way to go as yet....miles to go before the journey can fruitfully end.

What a loss when a Saint passes away from this mother earth; though he goes only in form, leaving his endless fragrance for eternity; yet the formless cannot be caught by those living in forms. The level of consciousness has yet to be elevated to fathom the fragrance of such holy saints living on earth. The following days passed in such restlessness that its difficult to pen down the emotions, the feelings of, the painful heart. Why has the 'Sun' gone behind the clouds so soon? If only it could shine for some time more and make us radiant and enlightened for years to come! If only we could bask in its rays for some more time and gather some more light-the invisible Light of Knowledge! Yes, this saint was shinning bright with the lamp of true knowledge and wisdom of the highest TRUTH. What mysteries he was unveiling; what magic he was displaying-one needed the eyes to see, the ears to hear, the mind to understand and the 'heart' to feel. O! how I pine for his presence, his magical voice uttering the 'Hari

Katha'-such blissful vibrations he was passing on to the world which is soaked with hollow materialism today. O' what a loss to humanity! The yearning heart calls for such pure souls who give solace to the hungry hearts. They live like the Jasmine flowers and their fragrance lingers for ever; yet their form is missed by the true aspirants-the thirsty devotees of God.

I salute you, O pious soul-the favourite of God Almighty. May my prayers reach you and in return ask for your blessings, your 'Ashish' as I always did when you were here in this world! Whenever I rang him up on the phone, my only sentence was, "I just wanted to hear your voice and take your 'Ashish'"-and he would gently, softly say, "Mehran, Mehran, Mehran.....Guru kripa kare.....

Jugnu

Translations of Maskeen ji's

Urdu Rubaaiyan

ਉਰਦੂ ਰੁਬਾਈਆਂ

(Maskin Ji)

1. ਟੂਟੇ ਹੁਏ ਸਾਜ਼ ਮੇਂ ਆਵਾਜ਼ ਬਾਕੀ ਹੈ।
ਪਰ ਸਿਕਸ਼ਤਾ ਮੇਂ ਅਭੀ ਪ੍ਰਵਾਜ਼ ਬਾਕੀ ਹੈ।
ਬੁਝ ਚੁਕੀ ਕਬ ਕੀ ਸ਼ਮਾਂ ਏ 'ਮਸਕੀਨ',
ਮਗਰ ਫਿਰ ਅਭੀ ਜਲਨੇ ਕਾ ਅੰਦਾਜ਼ ਬਾਕੀ ਹੈ।

1. Tootai huay saj main awaj bakee hai.
Par sikashta main abhi prawaj bakee hai.
Bujh chuki kab ki shamma –a- 'Maskeen',
Magar phir abhi jalne ka andaj bakee hai.

Though broken(body) the harp still has its sound.
Though shattered, the mind still soars high;
The candle was blown off long ago O' Maskeen,
The 'art' of burning is yet there to be seen!

2. ਭਟਕਤਾ ਹੋਸ਼ ਮੁਰਦਾ ਜੋਸ਼, ਕਹਾਂ ਮੈਂ ਆ ਗਿਆ ਹੂੰ।
ਤਪਤੀ ਜ਼ਮੀ ਔਰ ਯਖ ਆਸਮਾਂ ਪੇ ਛਾ ਗਿਆ ਹੂੰ।
ਕੈਸੇ ਕਟੇਗੀ ਇਨ ਬੇ-ਚਿਰਾਗ ਮਜ਼ਾਰੋਂ ਪਰ,
ਫੂਲ ਹੂੰ ਬੀਆਬਾਂ ਕਾ, ਔਰ ਮੁਰਝਾ ਗਿਆ ਹੂੰ।

2. *Bhatakta hosh murda josh, kahan main aa gia hoon.*
Tapti zameen aur yakh aasmaan pe chha gia hoon.
Kaisae kataygi en be-charag mazaron par,
Pholl hun beeaaban ka aur murjha gia hoon.

Groping in the darkness, futile energies, O', where Have I come?
I'm living on a burning earth, coverted by a cold sky,
How will I pass my life with the living deads?
I' m a flower of wilderness and have withered now.

3. ਯੇਹ ਸਾਗਰ ਕੀ ਖਾਮੋਸ਼ੀ, ਵ ਜ਼ਮੀਂ ਕੀ ਚਾਪਲੂਸੀ।
ਟਿਮਟਿਮਾਤਾ ਖੁਰਸ਼ੀਦ ਔਰ ਕੋਹ ਕੀ ਸਰ-ਫਰੋਸ਼ੀ।
ਅਬਰ ਕਾ ਯੇਹ ਗਰਜਨ, ਔਰ ਬਰਕ ਕਾ ਮੁਸਕਰਾਨਾ।
'ਮਸਕੀਨ' ਨਾ ਰਾਸ ਆਈ, ਇਨ ਸਭ ਕੀ ਯੇਹ ਮਦਹੋਸ਼ੀ।

3. *Yeh saagar ki khamoshi, va zameen ke chapalucy.*
Timtimatta khurshid, aur koh ke sarfroshi.
Abbar ka yeh garjan, aur barak ka muskarana.
'Maskeen' na raas aaee, in subh ke yeh madhosee.

The silence of the ocean, the flattery of the world,
The shinning bright sun, the towering high mountains,
The thundring of the clouds, the smiles of the lightning,
Such intoxication! O' Maskeen, yet none could apease me.

4. ਬੋਲੂੰ ਤੋਂ ਬੋਲ ਨਹੀਂ, ਚੁਪ ਰਹੂੰ ਤੋਂ ਰਹੂੰ ਕੈਸੇ।
ਜ਼ਿੰਦਗੀ ਲਾਚਾਰ ਹੈ ਦੁਸ਼ਵਾਰ ਹੈ, ਪਰ ਮਰੂੰ ਤੋਂ ਮਰੂੰ ਕੈਸੇ।
ਯੇਹ ਬੇ-ਮੁਨਸਫੀ ਅਦਾਲਤ, ਯੇਹ ਬੇ-ਤਖਤ ਸ਼ਾਹਿਨਸ਼ਾਹ
ਯੇਹ ਦਸਤ-ਬਸਤਾ ਗੁਜ਼ਾਰਿਸ਼, ਅਬ ਕਰੂੰ ਤੋਂ ਕਰੂੰ ਕੈਸੇ।

4. *Boalun to boal nahi, chup rahhun to rahhun kaise.*
Zindagi lachar he dushvar he, par marrun to marrun kaise.
Yeh be-munsafee adaalat, yeh be-takhat shahinshah.
Yaeh dasat-basta gujaresh, ab karoon to karoon kaise.

I have no words to speak, yet I don't know how to keep quite.
Life has become so difficult and helpless have I become,
With folded hands, how should I ask for justice
From these unjust courts and throne-less Kings?

5. ਉੜਤੇ ਹੂਏ ਪਰਿੰਦ ਕੀ ਪ੍ਰਵਾਜ਼ ਕੀ ਤਲਾਸ਼ ਹੈ।
ਗ਼ਮ ਹੋ ਚੁਕੀ ਜੋ ਰੂਹ ਮੇਂ, ਉਸ ਆਵਾਜ਼ ਕੀ ਤਲਾਸ਼ ਹੈ।
ਤਾਰੀਕੀਓਂ ਮੇਂ ਬਰਕ ਔਰ ਸੰਜੀਦਗੀ ਤੂਫਾਨ ਮੇਂ,
ਬਜ ਰਹਾ ਜੋ ਅਜ਼ਲ ਸੇ, ਉਸ ਸਾਜ ਕੀ ਤਲਾਸ਼ ਹੈ।

5. *Urhtay huae parind ke pravaj ke talash hai.*
Gum ho chuki joe rooh main, u-s aawaj ke talaash hai.
Tareekiyon main barak aur sanjeedgi tofaan main.
Baj raha jo azal se, us saaj ke talaash hai.

I am in search of the 'flight' (spirit) of that flying bird,
I am in search of the lost 'sound' of the soul.
In life's dark, stormy night I am in search of 'that' sound, which has been ringing..
from the beginning of creation.

6. ਢੂੰਡਤਾ ਹੂੰ ਅਪਨੇ ਕੋ,
ਅਪਨਾਪਨ ਨਹੀ ਮਿਲਤਾ।
ਇਸ ਗੁੰਬਦ ਕੇ ਸਾਇਆ ਮੇਂ,
ਹਮਾ-ਤਨ ਨਹੀ ਮਿਲਤਾ।
ਗੁੰਜਾਨ ਭਰੀ ਇਨ ਦਰਸ-ਗਾਹੋਂ ਮੇਂ,
ਕੋਈ ਅਹਿਲੇ ਦਿਲ, ਵ ਅਹਿਲ ਚਲਨ ਨਹੀ ਮਿਲਤਾ।

6. *Dhoondta hun apne ko,*
Apnapan nahi milta,
es gunbad ke saeya main,
hama-tan nahi milta.
Gunjan bharee in daras-gahon main,
Koee ahlay dil, va ahil chalan nahi milta.

Even with introspection I fail to find my own self.
Under the shelter of this sky, I haven't found a soul mate
In these complicated intellectual centres,
I have not found a single worthy heart with whom its worth travelling.

7. ਤਲਬ ਛੋੜ ਕੋਹ ਸਾਰੋਂ ਮੇਂ
ਔਰ ਮਜ਼ਹਬ ਕੇ ਬਾਜ਼ਾਰੋਂ ਮੇਂ,
ਵੋਹ ਤੇਰੇ ਜਿਗਰ ਮੇਂ ਹੈ,
ਛੋੜ ਇਨ ਬੇ-ਜ਼ੋਕ ਬੇ-ਸ਼ੌਕ
ਵਾਇਜ਼ ਵ ਤਲਾਵਤ ਕੋ।
ਜਜ਼ਬਾ ਇਸ਼ਕ ਸੇ ਜੋ ਪਾਮਾਲ ਹੈ
ਵੋਹ ਤੋਂ ਉਸਕੇ ਜ਼ਿਕਰ ਮੇਂ ਹੈ।
ਤਲਖੀਆਂ ਮਜ਼ਬੂਰੀਆਂ ਹਾਏ ਯੇਹ ਦਸਤੂਰ-ਏ ਜਹਾਂ
ਛੋੜ ਯੇਹ ਸ਼ਿਕਵੇ ਗਿਲੇ, ਔਰ ਯੇਹ ਰੰਜੋ ਗ਼ਮ,
ਬੇਫਿਕਰ ਹੋ 'ਮਸਕੀਨ' ਵੋਹ ਤੇਰੀ ਫਿਕਰ ਮੇਂ ਹੈ।

7. *Talab chod koh saaro main,*
Aur mazhab ke bazaaron main,
Woh tere jigar main hai,
Chod in bezok beshouk
Vaaiz va talavat ko.
Jazbaa ishaq se jo pamal hai
Who to uskay zikar main hai.
Talkheeyan majbooreean haai yeh dastoor-ae-jahan.
Chod yeh shikvay gilay, aur yeh ranjo gum.
Be fikar ho 'Maskin' woh teri fikar main hai.

Stop searching 'HIM' in the forests and mountains
or in the churches and temples;
'HE' resides in your heart;
Stop listening to the dry hollow preachers,
and reading mechanically the religious scriptures.
'HE' is in search of a passionate lover's heart-
over flowing with the wealth of love.
Forget all reservations, rites and rituals,
Give up your cribbing, complaints, and self-pity talks,
O' Maskeen, become joyful and care-free
for 'HE' is worried about your welfare
Indeed! HE cares for you !

8. ਪੈਗ਼ਾਮ ਨਾਨਕ ਸੁਣ ਨ ਸਕਾ
ਜਾਮਿ ਸ਼ਹਾਦਤ ਪੀ ਨਾ ਸਕਾ।
ਲਲਕਾਰ ਗੁਰੂ ਗੋਬਿੰਦ ਕੀ, ਦਸਤੂਰ ਮਨੀ ਸਿੰਘ ਕਾ
ਜ਼ਹੂਰ ਗੁਰੂ ਗ੍ਰੰਥ ਕਾ, ਐਸੀ ਹਯਾਤ ਜੀ ਨਾਂ ਸਕਾ।

8. *Peigaam Nanak sun na sakka*
Jaame sahadat pee na sakka.
Lalkar Guru Gobind ke, dastoor Mani Singh ka,
Zahoor Guru Granth ka, aisee hayat jee na sakka.

I didn't listen to the message of Guru Nanak,
Nor did I sacrifice myself at his altar;
Neither did I pay heed to the thunderous sermons of Guru Gobind or the sacrifice of Mani Singh,
I couldn't live up to the path shown by Guru Granth Sahib,

Alas! such a life I couldn't live!

9. ਮੈਂ ਖੁਸ਼ ਹੂੰ ਕਿ ਤਲਾਸ਼ਿ ਖੁਸ਼ੀ ਛੋੜ ਦੀ
ਹੱਸ ਰਹਾ ਹੂੰ ਬੇਬਾਕ ਹੰਸੀ ਛੋੜ ਦੀ

ਹਾਲਾਤ ਕਾ ਤਕਾਜ਼ਾ ਮਾਹੌਲ ਕੀ ਮਜ਼ਬੂਰੀ
ਕਿਆ ਕਰੂੰ, ਮੈਂ ਕਿਆ ਕਰੂੰ, ਐਸੀ ਕਹੀ ਛੋੜ ਦੀ।

9. *Main khush hun ki talashe khushi chod de*
Hus raha hun bebak hansi chod de
Halat ka takaja mahol ki mazboori
Kiya karon,main kiya karon,aisi kahi chod di.

I am glad, I have left the search for worldly happiness,
I'm laughing, for I have shunned the blusterous laughter
What to do, what to do- for I care no more for
the worldly norms and restrictions.

10. ਸ਼ੀਸ਼ੇ ਕਾ ਮਹਿਲ ਹੈ, ਤੋਂ ਪਥਰ ਕਾ ਡਰ ਹੈ
ਲਹਿਰੋਂ ਸੇ ਭਾਂਗੂ, ਰੇਤ ਕਾ ਘਰ ਹੈ।
ਲੇ ਜਾਂਉਂ ਇਸ ਦਿਲ, ਕਮਲ ਕੋ ਕਹਾਂ
ਬਾਰੂਦੀ ਫੂਲੋਂ ਸੇ, ਸਜਾਇਆ ਘਰ ਹੈ।

10. *Shishay ka mahal hai, to pathar ka dar hai,*
Laharoon say bhagoon, rait ka ghar hai.
Lay jaaun is dil, kamal ko kahan.
Baroodi phooloan say, sajaya ghar hai.

My palace is made of glass, I fear the stones,
I run away from the waves, but my house is made of sand;
Where can I take my lotus-heart,
My house is decorated with flowers of explosive stuff.

11. ਐਸੀ ਭੀ ਹੰਸੀ ਹੈ, ਜਿਸ ਨੇ ਰੁਲਾਇਆ ਹੈ।
ਕੁਛ ਐਸਾ ਭੀ ਰੋਨਾ ਹੈ, ਜਿਸਨੇ ਹੰਸਾਇਆ ਹੈ।
ਜਨੂੰ ਐਸੇ ਭੀ ਹੈਂ, ਜਿਨ ਮੇਂ ਮੁਰਦਮੀ ਹੈ।
ਮੌਤ ਐਸੀ ਭੀ ਹੈ, ਜਿਸਨੇ ਜਗਾਇਆ ਹੈ।

11. Aisi bhee hansi hai, jis ne roolaiya hai.
Kuch aissa bhe roana hai, jis ne hansaya hai.
Janoon aise bhe hain, jin main murdamee hai.
Mout aisi bhe hai, jis ne jagaya hai.

Some laughters made me cry,
Some wailing made me laugh,
Some passions are saturated with fearlessness,
Some 'death' awakens the self.

12. ਮੇਰੀ ਮੁਜ਼ਾਹਮਤ, ਤੁਮ੍ਹਾਰੀ ਅਸਮਤ ਹੈ
ਮੇਰੀ ਰੁਸਵਾਈ, ਤੁਮ੍ਹਾਰੀ ਇਜ਼ਤ ਹੈ।
ਮੈਂ ਗੁਮ ਹੂੰ ਗੁਮਨਾਮੀਓਂ ਮੇਂ,
ਕਿਆ ਯਹੀ ਤੁਹਾਰੀ ਸ਼ੋਹਰਤ ਹੈ।

12. Meri muzahmat tumhari asmat hai
Meri rusvaaee, tumhari izzat hai.
Main goom hoon goonnaameyon main,
Kya yahi tumhari shohrat hai.

My celibacy reflects your purity,
My condemnation reflects your honour,
I am lost in the nameless,
Is this your true glory?

13. ਯੇਹ ਆਸਮਾਂ ਕੀ ਬੁਲੰਦੀ, ਯੇਹ ਜ਼ਮੀ ਕਾ ਬਾਂਝਪਨ।
ਯੇਹ ਚਮਕਤੇ ਸਿਤਾਰੇ, ਯੇਹ ਉੜਤਾ ਗ਼ੁਬਾਰ।
ਯੇਹ ਮੋਤੀ ਚਟਕਤੇ, ਯੇਹ ਆਂਸੂ ਬਰਸਤੇ,
ਮਿਲਾਊਂ ਇਨ ਦੋਨੋ ਕੋ ਕੈਸੇ ਓ ਯਾਰ।

13. Yeh asmaan ki bulandi, yeh zameen ka banjhpan
Yeh chamaktey sitaray, yeh urhta gubaar.

Yeh motti chatktai, yeh ansu barastay.
Millaun in dono ko kaissay o yaar.

The loftiness of the sky, the barrenness of the earth,
These twinkling stars, these dusty storms;
The shinning pearls, the shedding of tears,
O' my friend, how to unite these paradoxes!

14. ਮੈ ਚਲ ਕਰ ਦੋ ਕਦਮ, ਆਗੇ ਗਿਆ ਹੂੰ
ਦਮੁ ਦਮੁ ਲੈ ਕੇ, ਆਖਿਰ ਸੋ ਗਿਆ ਹੂੰ।
ਗ਼ੁਬਾਰੇ ਰਾਹੇ ਮੇਂ, ਐਸਾ ਕਟਾ ਸਫਰ।
ਕਿ ਆਖਿਰ ਸਫਰ ਮੇਂ ਹੀ ਖੋ ਗਿਆ ਹੂੰ।

14. Main chaal kar do kadam aagae gia hoon,
Damm damm lai kai , aakhir so gia hoon.
Gu-bar-ay rahon main, aissa katta safar.
ki aakhir safar main he kho gyaa hun.

I walked a couple of steps,
then time and again fell asleep;
So foggy and misty was the way-
that I got lost in the journey itself.

15. ਤਾਰੀਕੀਓਂ ਕੋ ਚਿਰਾਗਾਂ ਕੀਏ ਦੇਤੇ ਹੈਂ।
ਬੀਆਬਾਂ ਗੁਲਿਸਤਾਂ ਕੀਏ ਦੇਤੇ ਹੈਂ।
'ਮਸਕੀਨ' ਕੌਨ ਜਲਾਏ ਮਜ਼ਾਰੋਂ ਪੇ ਦੀਏ।
ਹਮ ਹਯਾਤ ਹੀ ਚਿਰਾਗਾਂ ਕੀਏ ਦੇਤੇ ਹੈਂ।

15. Tareekeeon ko chiraagan keeai daitai hain.
Beeàa-ban gulistaan kiai daitai hain.

'Maskeen' kaun jaalai mazaaroon pe dieh.
Ham hayat he chiaragan ke-ay duy-tay hain.

Lets turn the 'darkness'(ignorence) into 'light' (knowledge)
And turn the barren lands into flowery gardens,
O' Maskeen, instead of putting lamps on graves,
Why not turn into 'Light' itself! (enlightenment)

16. ਜਬ ਜਬ ਖ਼ੂਨ ਸੇ ਨਹਾਈ ਹੈ ਉਮੱਤ,
ਨਿਖਰ ਕਰ ਔਰ ਬਾਹਰ ਆਈ ਹੈ ਉਮੱਤ।
ਮਤ ਬਹਾ ਖ਼ੂਨ ਪੇ ਖ਼ੂਨ ਕੇ ਆਂਸੂ,
ਤੇਰੇ ਇਸ ਫੇਲ ਪੇ ਸ਼ਰਮਾਈ ਹੈ ਉਮੱਤ।

16. Jab jab khoon se nahaee hai ummat,
Nikhar kar aur bahar aaee hai ummat.
Mat bahaa khoon pe khoon ke aansu,
Tere es fail pe sharamaee hai ummat.

Whenever a community bathes in blood,
It emerges out more gloriously,
Donot shed tears of blood on blood,
On this action of yours, the community is embarrassed.

17. ਮੁਝ ਕੋ ਔਰ ਨ ਗ਼ਮਗੀਨ ਹੋਨੇ ਦੇ
ਦਿਲ ਕੋ ਕੁਛ ਤੋ ਤਸਕੀਨ ਹੋਨੇ ਦੇ।
ਲਾਖ ਬੇਗਾਨਾ ਸਹੀ ਤੇਰੀ ਮਹਿਫਲ ਮੇਂ
ਇਕ ਪਲ ਕੋ ਤੋਂ ਅਪਨਾ 'ਮਸਕੀਨ' ਹੋਨੇ ਦੇ।

17. Mujh ko aur na gum-geen honai de
Dil ko kuchh to taskeen honai de.
Laakh begana sahi teri mehfil main

Ek pal ko toe apna 'Maskeen' honai de.

Let me not be more sorrowful,
Let my heart get some consolation,

I may be a total stranger in your court,
Atleast for a moment, make me your own.

18. ਗੁਨਾਹ ਵ ਸਵਾਬ ਸੇ ਨਾਤਾ ਛੋੜਾ
ਗੁਰੂਰ ਕੇ ਆਦਾਬ ਸੇ ਨਾਤਾ ਤੋੜਾ।
ਤਖਈਅਲ ਕੇ ਮਹਲਾਤ ਐਸ਼ੋ ਆਰਾਮ
ਅਬ ਤੋਂ ਇਸ ਖ਼ੁਵਾਬ ਸੇ ਨਾਤਾ ਛੋੜਾ।

18. Gunah va savaab se natta chhorhaa
Garoor ke aadab se nata torhaa.
Takheeal ke mehlaat aisho aaram
Ab toe is khuaab se natta chhorhaa.

I became indifferent to good and bad,
Became indifferent to pride and salutations,
Shunned thoughts of worldly comforts and pleasures,
Became indifferent to this illusionary world.

19. ਕੌਣ ਪੜ੍ਹੇਗਾ ਯੇਹ ਮੇਰੇ ਅਦਬ ਓ ਫਨ ਕੀ ਨਜ਼ਮੇਂ
ਔਰ ਯੇਹ ਫਿਲਸਫਾ ਤਨਜ਼ ਹਕ ਕੀ ਗਜ਼ਲੇਂ।
ਹੋਸ਼ ਕਿਸੇ ਹੈ ਜੋ ਦੇਖੇ ਮੇਰੀ ਪ੍ਰਵਾਜ਼, ਏ 'ਮਸਕੀਨ'
ਔਰ ਕਾਟੇ ਯੇਹ ਦੌਲਤ-ਏ ਜਾਵੇਦ ਕੀ ਫਸਲੇਂ।

19. Kaun parhaega eh mere adab o fan kee nazmain
Aur yeh philsafa tanaz hak kee gazalain.
Hosh kise hai jo dekhey meri pravaz, ea 'Maskin'
Aur katte yeh dulate javed kee fasalain.

Who will ever read my poems of literary art,
And these philosophical gazals portraying the naked (cruel) truth;
O' Maskeen, who is awake to witness my 'flights'(spiritual)
Or cut the harvest of this eternal wealth??

20. ਬਾਗ਼ੋ ਬਹਾਰਾਂ ਪੈ ਲੁਟਾਇਆ ਹੈ, ਮੈਂ ਨੇ ਅਪਨਾ ਹੁਸਨ।
ਤਬ ਕਹੀਂ ਜਾ ਕੇ ਪਾਇਆ ਹੈ, ਹਮ ਨੇ ਤੇਰਾ ਚਲਨ।
ਬੈਹਰਿ ਗਿਲ ਸੇ ਕਹੀਂ ਮਿਲੇ ਹੈਂ ਨਾਯਾਬ ਮੋਤੀ।
ਔਰ ਨੂਰ ਸੇ ਭਰਪੂਰ ਯੇਹ ਇਲਾਹੀ ਬਦਨ।

20. *Bagae baharan pe lootaya hai, main ne apna husan.*
Tab kahin ja ke paya hai, hum ne terra chalan.
Beher gil se kaheen milay hain nayab motti.
Aur noor se bharpoor yeh illahi badan.

I have dedicated my years of youth to Nature's beauty,
Only after this sacrifice, I have got a glimpse of your vision,
And then from this mud, I have found some exclusive
pearls,
And found this divine body saturated with divine 'Light'!

21. ਕਿਉਂ ਮੁਝ ਸੇ ਨਾਲਾਂ ਹੈਂ ਦੋਸਤ,
ਮੈਨੇ ਤੋਂ ਹਰ ਖ਼ੁਸ਼ੀ ਤੁਝ ਪੇ ਲੁਟਾਈ ਹੈ।
ਮੇਰੇ ਪਾਸ ਆ ਮੇਰੀ ਗ਼ਮੀ ਦੇਖ,
ਕਿਉਂ ਛਲਕ ਕੇ ਆਂਖ ਭਰ ਆਈ ਹੈ।

21. *Ke-yon mujh se nalan hai doost,*
Mainay to har khushi tuz pe lootaee hai.
Mere paas aa meri gamee dekh,
Kiyon chhlak ke ankh bhar aaee hai.

O' my friend, what else you expect from me?
I have sacrificed all the worldly pleasures for you,
Come near me, and witness my sorrows,
O' why your eyes are overflowing with tears now?

22. ਮੈਂ ਤੋਂ ਮਸ਼ਰੂਫ ਰਹਾ, ਸ਼ਬੋ ਰੋਜ਼ ਬੇ-ਨਾਗ੍ਹਾ,
ਪ੍ਰਸਤਿਸ਼ ਮੇਂ ਤੇਰੀ, ਇਬਾਦਤ ਮੇਂ ਤੇਰੀ।
ਆ ਦੇਖ ਮੁਝੇ, ਮੈਂ ਦੇਖੂ ਤੁਝੇ,
ਤੇਰੀ ਆਵਾਜ਼ ਭਰ ਆਈ ਹੈ, ਮੇਰੀ ਆਵਾਜ਼ ਥਰਰਾਈ ਹੈ।

22. *Main toe mashroof raha, shabo roj be-naga,*
Prastish main teri, eebadat main teri.
Aa dekh mujhe, main dekhu tujhe,
Teri awaj bhar aaee hai, meri awaj tharayee hai.

I was busy praying and
worshipping you day in and day out,

Come, look at me, I shall look at you,
Your voice enchants, my voice trembles!

23. ਖਿਆਲਾਤ ਕੀ ਬੁਲੰਦੀ ਨ, ਜ਼ੀਸਤ ਕੀ ਪਸਤੀ
ਫਿਲਸਫੀ ਕੀ ਹਯਾਤ ਕਾ ਦਸਤੂਰ ਹੈ।
ਉਜਾਲਾ ਨਹੀ ਖਿਰਦ ਕੀ ਕੋਠਰੀ ਮੇਂ।
ਮੁੱਦਤੋਂ ਸੇ ਯੇਹ 'ਮਸਕੀਨ' ਬੇ-ਨੂਰ ਹੈ।

23. Khialat ki bulandi na, zist kee pastee
Philsafee kee hayat ka dastoor hai,
Ujalla nahi khirad kee kothree main,
Muddatoon se yeh 'Maskin' be-noor hai.

Neither the flights of thoughts,
Nor the philosophical ponderings can make you touch 'that' Light,
There is no 'Light' in the chamber of Intellect;
O' Maskeen, since ages I am groping in darkness!

24. ਤੋੜ ਕੇ ਚਿਰਾਗ਼ੇ ਨੂਰ, ਕਮਰ ਕੀ ਬਾਤ ਕਰਤੇ ਹੈਂ
ਕਾਟ ਕੇ ਡਾਲ ਹਰੇ, ਸੁਜਰ ਕੀ ਬਾਤ ਕਰਤੇ ਹੈਂ।
ਕਿਆ ਮਿਲੇਗਾ ਜਹਾਂ ਸੇ ਫਰਾਰ ਹੋਕਰ,
ਹਕੀਕਤ ਸੇ ਬੇ-ਨਿਆਜ਼, ਮਕਰ ਕੀ ਬਾਤ ਕਰਤੇ ਹੈਂ।

24. Torh ke chirage noor, kamar ki baat karte hain,
Kaat ke daal harai, suzar kee baat karte hain.
Kiya milayga jaha se frar ho kar,
Hakikat se be-neeaz, mukker kee baat karte hain.

They break people's hearts but talk about the moon,
They chop off the tender green branches, but talk of the trees,
What will they gain once they go away from this world?
Running away from the true reality, they talk about salvation!

25. ਨਿਗਾਹੋਂ ਕਾ ਭਟਕਨ ਦਰ-ਬ-ਦਰ,
ਖਾਮੋਸ਼ ਆਂਹਿ ਹੈਂ ਕਿਧਰ।
ਪਾਕੀਜ਼ਗੀ ਮਾਸੂਮੀਅਤ ਸ਼ਰਮੋ ਹਯਾ ਵ ਬੰਦਗੀ,
ਹੈ ਕਬਰ, ਹੈ ਕਬਰ, ਹੈ ਕਬਰ, ਹੈ ਕਬਰ।

25. Negahon ka bhatkan dar-b-dar,
Khamosh aahen hain kidhar.
Pakeezgi massumeeat sharmo hiya va bandagee,
Hai kabar, hai kabar, hai kabar, hai kabar.

The wandering eyes.....
The silent sighs......
Purity, Innocence, modesty and worship
Alas ! end up in the grave, the grave, the grave!

26. ਜ਼ਖਮ ਅਬ ਮਤ ਕੁਰੇਦੋ, ਕਿ ਅਬ ਤੋਂ ਮਿਲ ਗਏ ਹੈਂ।
ਦਾਸਤਾਂ ਫ਼ਰਕਤ ਨ ਸੁਨਾਂ, ਕਿ ਦਿਲ ਮਿਲ ਗਏ ਹੈਂ।
ਗ਼ਮੇ ਕੋਹਸਾਰ ਮੇਂ ਸਰ ਐਸਾ ਮਾਰਾ
ਕਿ ਜਾਇ ਅਪਨੀ ਸੇ, ਅਬ ਤੋ ਹਿਲ ਗਏ ਹੈਂ।

26. Zakham ab mat kuredo, ke ab toe mil gaay hain.
Dastan farkat na sunaa, ke dil mil gaay hain.
Gamay kohsaar main sar aisa mara
Ke jae apnee se, ab toe hil ga-ay hain.

Now that we have met, donot dig the wounds any more,
Donot relate the story of separation, now that our hearts have united;
I hit my head so hard that the sorrowful mountains moved from their positions!

27. ਜ਼ਿੰਦਗੀ ਕੀ ਉਦਾਸ ਰਾਹੋਂ ਮੇਂ
ਤੁਮੇ ਭੀ ਉਦਾਸ ਪਾਇਆ ਹੈ।
ਨਾ ਹਾਲੇ ਦਿਲ ਤੁਮ ਕਹਿ ਸਕੇ,
ਨਾ ਹਾਲੇ ਦਿਲ ਹਮ ਕਹਿ ਸਕੇ।

ਤੁਮ ਛੁਪੇ ਛੁਪੇ ਸੇ ਰਹੇ,
ਹਮ ਨੇ ਭੀ ਕੁਛ ਛੁਪਾਇਆ ਹੈ।

27. *Zindagi ki udaas rahoon main*
Tume bhi udaas paya hai
Na haal-e dil tum kaih sakay,
Na haal-e dil hum kaih sakay.
Tum chhupay chhupay se rahey.
Hum ne bhe kuchh chhupaya hai.

In the sad walks of life,
I found 'you' to be sad too,
Neither you exposed your inner heart,
Nor I could express my inner self,
You remained hidden....
and I also hid something!

28. ਦਮ ਭਰਤਾ ਹੂੰ, ਕਿ ਦਮ ਲੇ ਸਕਤਾ ਹੂੰ।
ਸ਼ੁਕਰ ਹੈ ਕਿ ਮੈਂ ਭੀ, ਕੁਛ ਦੇ ਸਕਤਾ ਹੂੰ।
ਜ਼ੇਰੇ ਜ਼ੁਲਮ ਜਬ ਖਾਮੋਸ਼ ਮਾਸੂਮੀਅਤ ਦੇਖੀ।
ਤੋ 'ਮਸਕੀਨ' ਕਹਿ ਦੇਤਾ ਹੂੰ
ਕਿ ਮੈਂ ਭੀ ਕੁਛ ਕਹਿ ਸਕਤਾ ਹੂੰ।

28. *Dam bharta hoon, ke dam lay sakta hoon.*
Shukar hai ke main bhe kuchh de sakta hoon.
Zarre julam jab khamosh masoomeeat dekhi,
To 'Maskin keh daita hoon,
Ke main bhe kuchh keh sakta hoon.

I feel good, that I have this life,
I thank the Lord that I too can contribute something,
When I saw, Innocence being tortured under oppression,
I said aloud, O' Maskeen,
With God's grace, I too can say something and express myself!

29. ਸਜਾਏ ਗੀਤ ਬੇ-ਸਾਜ਼ੋ ਸਾਜ਼
ਗਾਏ ਗੀਤ ਬੇ-ਆਵਾਜ਼

ਰੋਏ ਬਹੁਤ ਅਸ਼ਕ ਬਿਨਾ
ਬੇ-ਕਾਬਾ ਹੈਂ ਹਮ ਹਜਾਜ਼।
ਸੋਏ ਬਹੁਤ ਨੀਂਦ ਬਿਨਾ
ਔਰ ਬੇ ਮੰਜ਼ਿਲ ਹੈਂ ਹਮ ਰਾਹੀਂ।
'ਮਸਕੀਨ' ਨੇ ਐਸੇ ਕੀਆ ਹੈ
ਅਪਨੀ ਜ਼ਿੰਦਗੀ ਕਾ ਆਗਾਜ਼।

29. *Sajaaee geet be-sajo saj*
Gaee geet be-awaj
Roay bahut ashak bina,
Be-kabba hain hum hajaj
Soay bahut neend bina
Aur be manzil hain hum rahi
'Maskeen' ne aise kiya hai
Apni zindagi ka aagaz.

I wrote many songs, but they were tuneless,
I sang many songs, but they were voiceless,
I wept a lot, but without tears,
I am a 'Haji', but without a 'Kaaba',
I slept a lot but without any sleep
And I have been a traveller without any destination.
O' Maskeen, this is how you started your life.

30. ਸਾਂਸ ਲੇਨੇ ਕੋ, ਯਹਾਂ ਜ਼ਿੰਦਗੀ ਕਹਤੇ ਹੈਂ
ਨੁਮਾਇਸ਼ ਜ਼ਰ ਕੋ, ਯਹ ਬੰਦਗੀ ਕਹਤੇ ਹੈਂ
ਅਹਿਸਾਸੇ ਖੁਦੀ ਮੇਂ ਕਬੀ ਡੂਬੇ ਹਮ।
ਤੋ ਸ਼ਰਮਸ਼ਾਰ ਹੀ ਸ਼ਰਮਿੰਦਗੀ ਕਹਤੇ ਹੈਂ

30. *Saans layne ko, yahan zindagi kahatay hain,*
Numaeesh zar ko, yeh bandagi kehatay hain
Ah-saase khudi main kabhi dubay hum.
To sharam saar he sarmindagi kehtey hain.

Just to breathe is termed as life, over here,
Show of wealth is their way of prayer and devotion,
Once in a while, when I dived deep into my inner self,
I felt utterly ashamed of myself.

31. ਕੁਛ ਮਾਜ਼ੀ ਕੀ ਖ਼ਾਕ ਹੂੰ,
ਕੁਛ ਮੁਸਤਿਕਬਿਲ ਕਾ ਨੂਰ ਹੂੰ।
ਜੀਨਾ ਅਭੀ ਨਹੀਂ ਆਇਆ,
ਕਿਉਂਕਿ ਹਾਲ ਸੇ ਅਭੀ ਦੂਰ ਹੂੰ।

31. Kuchh maazi ki khak hoon,
Kuchh mustak-bil ka noor hoon.
Jeena abhi nahi a-ya
Ki-yon ke haal se abhi door hoon.

Some dust of the 'past'
Some light of the 'future' I am,
But I have not learnt the art of living as yet,
-for I am far away from the 'Present'.

32. ਮਾਂਗੀ ਥੀ ਇਕ ਕਲੀ, ਉਤਾਰ ਕੇ ਹਾਰ ਦੇ ਦੀਆ।
ਚਾਹੀ ਥੀ ਸਿਰਫ ਇਕ ਧੁਨ ਅਪਨਾ ਸਿਤਾਰ ਦੇ ਦੀਆ।
ਝੋਲੀ ਬਹੁਤ ਹੀ ਛੋਟੀ ਥੀ 'ਮਸਕੀਨ'।
ਤੂੰਨੇ ਤੋਂ ਹੱਸ ਕੇ ਸਭ ਸੰਸਾਰ ਦੇ ਦੀਆ।

32. Mangi thee ik kali, u-ttar ke haar de deeya.
Chahi thi siraf ik dhun apna sitar de deeya.
jholli bahut hi chhoti thi 'Maskin'.
Toon ne toe huss ke sab sansar de deeya.

I asked you only for a flower, you gave me a garland;
I wanted only a tune, you gave me the Sitar itself,
O'Maskeen, my begging bowl was so small
But You gifted the whole world to me.

33. ਚਹਚਹਾਨਾ ਹਾਰ ਕਾ ਔਰ ਰੋਣਾ ਫੂਲ ਕਾ
ਗਿਰਨਾ ਜ਼ਿਮੀ ਪਰ ਕਿਰਨ ਕਾ ਔਰ ਉੜਨਾ ਧੂਲ ਕਾ।
ਗਰਦਸ਼ੋ ਮੇਂ ਹੁਸਨੋ ਜ਼ਰ ਸ਼ਰਮੋ ਹਯਾ ਬਾਜ਼ਾਰ ਮੇਂ।
ਅਸਮਤ ਕਾ ਲੁਟਨਾ ਖੇਲ ਹੈ, ਬਿਕਨਾ ਇਲਾਹੀ ਅਸੂਲ ਕਾ।

33. Cheh-chahana haar ka aur rona phool ka
Girna zameen par kiran ka, aur urhnaa dhool ka.

Gardeshon main husano zar sharmo haya bazar main.
Asmat ka lutna khel hai, bikna illahi asool ka.

Flowers cry, though garlands laugh,
Whenever a ray of truthful light touches the earth, dust storms arise;
Here beauty, wealth, honour and pride are a passing phase,
Selling self respect (body) is a game, here morals are sold.

34. ਦਮ ਦਮ ਕਰ, ਯੂੰ ਹੀ ਦਮ ਨਿਕਲਤਾ ਜਾਏ।
ਸਫਲ ਹੈ ਵੋਹੀ ਦਮ, ਜਿਸ ਦਮ ਯਾਦ ਤੂੰ ਆਏਂ।
ਢੂੰਡੇ ਹਰ ਤਰਫ ਯਿਹ ਮੁੰਤਜ਼ਿਰ ਨਿਗਾਹੇਂ 'ਮਸਕੀਨ'।
ਕਬੀ ਆ ਮਿਲ ਤੂੰ ਮਾਲਿਕ ਦਾਮਨ ਰਹਿਮਤ ਕਾ ਫੈਲਾਏ।

34. *Dam dam kar yun he dam nikalta ja-ay.*
Safal hai wohi dam, jis dam yaad toon aain.
Dhunday har taraf yeh muntzir negahain 'Maskin'.
Kabhi aa mil toon malik daman rehamat ka faila-ay.

Breath by breath, life is coming to an end.
Victorious is the breath in which 'You' are remembered.
O' Maskeen, my eyes are ever searching and longing to get a Vision of Yours,
O' come my Lord, with Your flowing garment of blessings and grace!

35. ਕੌਨ ਕਹਤਾ ਹੈ ਕਿ ਤੁਮ ਅਪਨੀ ਤਜੌਰੀ ਦਾਨ ਦੋ।
ਜੋ ਮਿਲਾ ਤੁਮ ਕੋ ਕਿਸੀ ਸੇ, ਹਮੇਂ ਵਰਦਾਨ ਦੋ।
ਚਾਹਤਾ ਹੂੰ ਮੈਂ ਅਭੀ ਕੇਵਲ ਅਰੇ ਇਤਨਾ ਹੀ ਬਸ।
ਪਿਆਰ ਕੇ ਭਗਵਾਨ ਕਾ ਖੋਇਆ ਹੂਆ ਅਸਥਾਨ ਦੋ।

35. *Kaun kehta hai ke tum apni tajuori daan do*
Jo milla tum ko kissi se , humay vardan do.
Chahata hoon main abhi kewal arey itna he bas.
Pyaar ke bhagwan ka kho-ya hua asthan do.

Who says give away all your worldly treasures,
Just give away a little what you have received from others
At the moment, I only desire that you bring back the
God of love in your hearts.

36. ਫਿਲਸਫਾ ਹਯਾਤ ਕੀ ਕਿਤਾਬ ਮੇਂ ਅਬ ਕੁਛ ਨਹੀ ਮਿਲਤਾ।
ਕਿਤਾਬੇ ਮੌਤ ਕੇ ਔਰਾਕ ਉਲਟਾ ਰਹੇ ਹੈਂ ਹਮ।
ਬੋਸੀਦਾ ਹੋ ਗਿਆ ਲਿਬਾਸ ਹਯਾਤ ਕਾ 'ਮਸਕੀਨ'।
ਅਬ ਇਸੀ ਫਿਕਰ ਮੇਂ ਸੇ ਪਲਟਾ ਰਹੇ ਹੈਂ ਹਮ।

36. *Philsafa hayat kee kitab main ab kuchh nahi milta.*
Kitaabee mouth ke aurak ulta rahe hain hum.
Boseeda ho gaya libaas hayat ka 'Maskeen'
Ab isi fikkar main se palta rahe hain hum.

Nothing is achieved from the philosophical books of life,
Now I am turning through the pages of Death's book.
Life's bodily garment has withered,
And now I'm pondering over a brand new iife.

37. ਜਬ ਜਬ ਹਮ ਆਪਨੀ ਫਿਤਰਤ ਸੇ ਉਦਾਸ ਹੂਏ
ਤਬ ਤਬ ਹਮ ਤੁਮਾਰੇ ਪਾਸ ਹੂਏ
ਮੇਰਾ ਯਿਹ ਤਸੱਵਰ ਅਬਾਦਤ ਯਿਹ ਮੇਰੀ
ਤੁਮੇ ਰਾਸ ਨ ਆਈ, ਹਮ ਨਾ ਕਾਬਿਲੇ ਸਨਾਸ਼ ਹੂਏ।

37. *Jab jab hum apnee fitrat se udaas huay*
Tab tab hum tumare pass huay
Mera yeh tusavar abbadat yeh meri
Tumae raas na aaee, hum na kabilay snash hu-ay.

Whenever I became fed up of my human (gross)
nature,
I came nearer and nearer to 'You',
You never liked or approved
my intellectual, mechanical ways of worship!

38. ਕੁਛ ਐਸੀ ਭੀ ਹੰਸੀ ਹੈ, ਜਿਸਨੇ ਰੁਲਾਇਆ ਹੈ।
ਕੁਛ ਐਸਾ ਭੀ ਰੋਨਾ ਹੈ, ਜਿਸ ਨੇ ਹੰਸਾਇਆ ਹੈ।
ਐਸੇ ਭੀ ਜਨੂਨ ਹੈਂ, ਜਿਸ ਮੇਂ ਮੁਰਦਮੀ ਹੈ।
ਐਸੀ ਭੀ ਮੌਤ ਹੈ, ਜਿਸ ਨੇ ਜਗਾਇਆ ਹੈ।

38. Kuchh aisi bhee hanssi hay jis nay roo-laiay hai.
Kuchh aisa bhi roona hai, jis ne hansa-ya hai.
Aise bhi janoon hain, jis main murdamee hai
Aise bhi mo-ut hai, jis ne jaga-ay hai.

Some laughters made me cry,
Some wailing made me laugh,
Some passions are saturated with fearlessness,
Some 'death' awakens the self.

39. ਖਿਲਤੇ ਹੋਂਗੇ ਫੂਲ, ਹਮ ਨੇ ਨਹੀਂ ਦੇਖੇ
ਝਰਤੇ ਹੋਂਗੇ ਝਰਨੇ, ਹਮ ਤੋਂ ਪਿਆਸੇ ਹੈਂ,
ਉਗਤੇ ਹੋਂਗੇ ਸੂਰਜ, ਘਰ ਮੇਂ ਔਧੇਰਾ ਹੈ,
ਵਜ਼ਨ ਹੈ ਮੁਸਤਿਕਬਿਲ ਕਾ, ਰੈਨ ਬਸੇਰਾ ਹੈ।

39. Khil-tay hon-gay phool, hum ne nahi de-khay
Jhar-tay hon-gay jharne, hum to pyaase hain,
Ugtay hon-gay suraj, ghar main andhera hai,
Vajan hai mustakbil ka, rein bassera hai.

The flowers bloomed but I didn't see them,
Waterfalls were there, but I remained thirsty;
The sun was shinning bright but there was 'darkness' inside me.
I carried the burden of thoughts for Future and darkened my life.

40. ਬਨਾਉ ਜਿਸੇ ਬਨਤਾ ਨਹੀ ਮਿਟਾਉਂ ਜਿਸੇ ਮਿਟਤਾ ਨਹੀ
ਸਰਫ ਹੁਈ ਜ਼ਿੰਦਗੀ ਬਨਾਨੇ ਮੇਂ ਮਿਟਾਨੇ ਮੇਂ।
ਸ਼ਮਾਂ ਹਯਾਤ ਜਲਾਤੇ ਰਹੇ, ਬੁਝਾਤੇ ਰਹੇ,
ਵਕਤ ਯੂੰ ਗੁਜਰਾ ਹੰਸਾਨੇ ਮੇਂ ਰੁਲਾਨੇ ਮੇਂ।

ਗੁਜ਼ਰ ਗੁਜ਼ਰ ਕੇ ਯੂੰ ਗੁਜ਼ਰੇ, ਰਾਹੋਂ ਮੇਂ,
ਲੌਟ ਆਏ ਨ ਕਭੀ 'ਮਸਕੀਨ' ਆਸ਼ੀਆਨੇ ਮੇਂ।

40. *Banaon jisee banta nahi mitaon jisee mitta nahi*
Saruf hoo-ee zindagi bana-nay main mita-nay main.
Shama hayat jlatay rahe bujhatay rahe,
Vakt yun gujra hans-nay main roolanay main.
Gujar gujar ke yun gujre rahoon main,
Lout aay na kabhi 'Maskeen' ashi-ya-nay main.
I tried to please some, but they were not pleased,
I tried to forget some but couldnot forget.
Passed away my life-pleasing and forgetting,
Sometimes lit the lamp of life sometimes blew it off.
Spent my time making people laugh and cry;
Thus, kept travelling to and fro but Alas! O'Maskeen.
You forgot to come back to your 'real' home.

41. ਮੈਨੇ ਗੀਤ ਗਾਏ, ਮਗਰ ਸੁਨ ਨਾ ਸਕਾ।
ਅਸ਼ਕ ਬਹੁਤ ਬਹਾਏ, ਮਗਰ ਪੀ ਨਾ ਸਕਾ।
ਹਸਾ ਤੋ ਰੁਲਾ ਕੇ ਹੀ ਹੰਸਾ,
ਸਾਂਸ ਲੀਏ ਮਗਰ ਜੀਅ ਨ ਸਕਾ।

41. *Mai-nay geet ga-ay magar sun na saka.*
Ashak bahut baha-ay, magar pee na saka.
Hasa toe rulah ke he hansa,
Saans le-ay magar jee na saka.

I sang many songs but couldnot listen to them,
I shed lots of tears, but couldnot taste them,
I laughed amidst the pain of others,
I existed but didn't really live.

42. ਹਮਖ਼ਿਆਲ ਹਮਰਾਜ਼ ਪਰ ਨਸੀਬ ਨਾ ਥੇ,
ਹਮਦਰਦ ਹਮਦਮ ਪਰ ਕਰੀਬ ਨਾ ਥੇ।

ਬਾ-ਤਾਮੀਜ਼ ਬਾ-ਸ਼ਾਊਰ ਬਾ-ਅਦਬ 'ਮਸਕੀਨ',
ਪਰ ਦੱਰੇ ਨਬਜ਼ ਕੇ ਤਾਬੀਬ ਨਾ ਥੇ।

42. *Hum khayal hum raj magar naseeb na thay.*
Hum-dard hum-dum par kareeb na thay.
Ba-tameez ba-sha-oor ba-adab 'Maskin'.
Par dourai nabaz ke tabeeb na thay.

I didn't have the fate to meet like-minded soul mates,
Compassionate dear friends were nowhere near me,
Polished, well versed, courteous people were around,
O'Maskeen,
Alas! But they were not doctors who could read the pulse and cure the heart!

****

Part II
Poetry Section

In this world, they call you Sant Maskeen,
Hearing your words of wisdom,
My heart says surely there's something your eyes have seen;
        Either a glimpse or a glow
        For you seem to have become, an arrow of 'that' bow.
The unseen hand of the Almighty God
Has showered you with knowledge,
And handed you the magical rod.
        Every word you speak shines like a pearl,
        Dumb-founded one becomes,
        whether a boy or a girl.
Listening to your 'Katha' every soul is spell-bound,
There's pin drop silence, not a wee bit of sound.
        The affect of your words is long lasting
        Sure, there's no need of any fasting
When spoken- The 'Truth' is always pure,
And this for every soul is the only cure!

O

Death

Death is just a 'change'
accross that far off mountain range.
If you welcome it with an open heart,
It doesn't pain you when from this earth you depart.
    It carries you to another region,
    Where there is no time, no season.
    Its a world beyond object, time or space,
    Where there is no hurry, no rat race.
    If you've played 'HIS' game well, Death is the meeting day,
    When the 'light' will fly leaving behind the clay.
Its the day to mingle,
End of a life that was single.
    Death is joyous
    Death is celebration.
    Finally a time for the ultimate meditation (eternal Samadhi).

O

Alwar

Mysterious was the trip to Alwar,
Saints lay the path with gold and silver,
        The unseen hand of God operates,
        Where 'HE' makes you meet your soul mates.
The journey of life is made joyful and easy,
You stand aside, while the world is running and busy.
        Indeed; your thought makes you travel,
        Reaching your destination, you marvel.
'HE' constantly holds your hand,
Reveals to you the secrets that are 'grand',
        Of course the trip to Alwar was 'HIS' plan.
        -to make you meet the Saint's holy clan!

O

Just by visiting the holy shrine,
One forgets whats me and mine,
        Such is the 'aura' of a God's lover,
        Spilling good deeds, your sins he shall cover.
For a million lives, you can't repay,
The saviour of your 'soul' just with his single 'ray',
        He had turned into the Sun of the Suns,
        Thats why he could save you......from becoming the victim of the Devil's guns.
Moment to moment......
Now bend on your knees,
        Thank him profusely with all the strength
        of your body, mind and soul,
        Its because of him that you've realized your ultimate goal.
You owe this human life to him,
He has filled your vessel to the brim.
        Thanks, to the Almighty God, we pray,
        Who sends such saints, in the form of a 'ray'!

O

May I

May I become 'that' flower of whom 'You' are the gardener,
Of every wrong step I take may You be the pardoner.
    May I slowly but surely evolve,
    come what may, around 'You' revolve.
In the future days....Whatever the world may say or do,
May I sing songs only of Yours and You.
    Surrounded with the worlds pomp and show,
    May I inwardly in your 'Name' glow.
Despite seeing the glitter of silver and gold
May my eyes only 'Your Face' behold.
    O' Lord, hold my hand in this flimsy sand,
    May I only see you, even though the illusionary show is
    grand.
May I never falter at Your altar.
This, my wish O' Lord, please grant.
For he was a true Saint, who nurtured this plant.

O

O' I have been bought by HIM.
Who is the King of King;
        Only when you become 'HIS' servant,
        Your sighs and prayer become fervent.
Then of all HIS secrets in a row
You would easily the answers know.
        If a blessing of 'HIS eye' by chance falls on you,
        For then 'HE' would just pick you up, out of the queue
For this indeed, you have to do some good deed,
For the fruit will appear only if you planted the seed.

O

Promises to keep

The path is arduous, the road stony
I need your help, for I don't even have pony.
        Summer is on and the Sun at its height
        Though the soil is cool and I've been working all night
The hard day's toil can tire me no more;
For all through the night the 'rain drops' pour.
        Its the invisible rain that a true saint sends,
        Sitting up there, his spectacles HE graciously lends.
Such is the divine friendship of a holy 'Friend',
Before he leaves the mother earth, he changes completely Your frivolous trend.
        There are miles to go, and promises to keep,
        He is working all night (for you) while you're asleep.

O

Sitting up there, 'HE' controls all strings,
Just uttering 'HIS' name.....behold! what smiles HE brings,
 We are mere puppets in HIS hands,
 Whether we stay near or far off lands.
Each one's destiny is written by HIM
Laugh it off and don't sit there grim.
 If you leave yourself in HIS hand
 Surely 'HE' will make your life indeed grand.
Just, flow with the 'tide',
You'll always find 'HIM' by your side.
 He's nearer than you ever can think,
 If you look deep in your heart every moment,
 HE'll one day blink.
Finally you'll find 'HIM' inside.
Indeed; your whole life through, 'He' took you for a ride!

O

My Prayers!

With folded hands,
With bowed head,
With eyes drenched in tears,
With knelt knees,
With quivering lips,
With a heart soaked in love,
I say my prayers,
Yet, I'm unable to find those words of thanks
for the endless Blessings 'You' bestow upon us,
For this very human life you gave
-a golden chance to come back to you.
and smilingly to this world say
Adieu! Adieu!

O

'O' friend so dear!

O' friend so dear...Where have you vanished?
Where, O' where can I see that face again, which I so
much ravished.
O' where, O' where have you gone?
Gone far, far away and left my heart torn.
When, O' when will I see you again
I wait everyday, whether its sunshine or rain.
Some day, send me please a letter or a message....
Where I can get your glimpse....Show me that road, that passage.
O' friend, so dear your voice rings in my ears,
Constantly soaking these two little eyes with tears....
O' friend so dear, I know, the day you'll come,
My heart will stop beating, my lips will turn dumb!
'A day to cherish!'
When I'll be all set to perish.

O

Vanishing act

When the night breaks into a day,
O' Lord God, reveal to me 'that' ray.
I try to wake up at that holy hour,
When the moon is talking to the Pole Star
Its time, I know to sow the seeds.
And these indeed shall turn to gems and beads.
Help me God to guess your riddle,
I know this is possible if I only vanish from the middle.
This 'vanishing act' you can do,
To understand subtleties, I have no clue.
Please, make me forget myself.....
So that I see no one but Thyself !!

O

The Light

The mind thinks,
So the 'light' shrinks;
The heart feels
And the 'light' heals.
So companion, stop thinking, start feeling,
Then only HE will come and join hands in your dealings
Here the Friendship is for keeps,
and yet again- only for those who weep
The eyes that are meek constantly speak,
Melting the 'light' making 'HIS' secrets leak,
Till you become 'that' light's streak!

O

The Heart

O' pilgrim, its good to be wise
But, by this alone, you cannot fully rise;
        Go beyond wisdom
        For this is only the'Noor' of the path, not the destination
To reach the end, you need your heart's palpitation,
Let the 'heart' be in action,
Forgetting the 'I' and all the reaction.
        Here, its the story of the heart,
        Forgetting this world, from which you must part.

O

A Circle

Life is a Circle where you go round and round,
Seldom touching heights, generally revolving on the ground,
        In this Life's Circle, someone is always ahead of you,
        Its all an illusion, though it seems so, so true.
Rare is the soul who steps out of this Circle's race,
And discovers the invisible path to walk at his own pace.
        This, indeed is direct grace;
        For, may be the holy Spirit has decided to show HIS
        face.
Its the heavenly gift of an angelic deed,
-The fruit of sowing a perfect seed.

O

Wealth

It's possible for a camel to go through the eye of a needle,
But impossible for a rich man to come to God......
            So said beloved Jesus.
            When the Lord God gives you tons of wealth,
            You slowly and surely lose your mental health,
For the mind goes on a spin-
-you think, now the world you can win,
            Here life takes you for a trip,
            Unknowingly, the sensuous poison you sip.
It's better to be far from excess wealth,
Indeed, sure enough, you'll enjoy sound health.
            So God, pray give me only enough to make my both ends meet,
            For may I not- the rich man's mistake repeat.

O

Sehaj

In the midst of luxuries, you can be free of desires,
For here, its not the body, but the 'mind' that retires.
            Its the rarest of the rarest level to be attained,
            Where the 'mind' is aware that-its only God's name that has to be maintained.
Here the mind is free, though the body busy in action
The mind is calm, minus any reaction.
            This is the stage of 'sehaj'- a level to reach.
            Pray, help me Lord, I humbly beseech.

O

King Janak

Surrounded by the glamour and glitter,
Though we all know the fruit of 'Maya' is bitter,
        There was a man named Janak, who was a king,
        Encircled with pomp and show, he was out of the 'ring',
He was looking at things but not seeing,
For he had realized his true being;
        Such kings are rarely found
        who rule the world with feet on the ground.
        They are true sages in the robes of a king.
        In their hearts, the name of God they constantly sing.
Blessed are these souls, for they are born as wholes!
God, give me the company of such souls,
So that I too can perfectly play my roles.

O

God's Lover

Day in and day out my eyes are searching for God's lovers,
Who the secrets of the Almighty God can uncover.
        I want to play with a professional this game.
        As it is I'm limping and walking like a lame.
O' where, where can I find such a soul?
Who would teach me to perfectly play my role.
        With bended knees, head bowed down, I daily cry....
        Wish, the Lord sweet God would hear my sigh.
For the rest of my life, with such a lover, I could sit,
Living in HIS presence...while HE writes my destiny's chit.

O

The Pen

There are in this world some men,
In whose hands 'HE' gives the pen;
    And before they can know-
    'HE' makes the ink flow...
In them, the tongue gets sealed;
Slowly slowly the heavenly 'fruit' gets peeled.
    The untold secrets of the 'King' are out
    Till the little human brain has no doubt.
With pen and paper in hand they write what the heart speaks,
Till the Lord God's mysterious paper leaks.
    This is indeed the 'Friend's' grace,
    Where 'HE' stops the pilgrim and slows down his
    wordly pace.
'He' puts him on a night shift,
'Cause for the grand finale 'HE' has to give him the 'Gift'!

O

The lofty purpose of human Life has been-
-to know and love Lord God, the Supreme.
Our duty on earth is to turn every heart.
towards the 'Light' before the soul departs-
So don't laze and waste any time
Sing God's songs or write 'HIS' poetry in rhyme.
He loves your music and glorifying songs,
Will pick you up, whenever you go wrong
Hurry and seek the company of HIS lovers,
For it is they, who, 'HIS' secrets will uncover.
Wake up and find a 'Friend'
who is expert in changing your trend.
In your heart, God's name will he imprint,
One by one, the divine mysteries he'll explain with his hints.
He'll cast an everlasting impression,
Blow away your doubts, confusions and depressions.

O

What a Shame!

O' what a funny game!
And yet it is a shame-
    Nobody could in this world celebrate
    Every body only wanted to dictate,
So each one lost life's essence,
And was busy doing nonsense.
    The mischief-maker made every one's fool,
    And smiled away, playing it cool.
Only a handful were spared,
Who had the courage and dared.
    They spent every moment glorifying 'HIM',
    Smiling, laughing, celebrating never grim,
Here it is indeed a mysterious game;
'He' is the doer, no one is to be blamed.
    Here the rule was only brotherhood,
    But lost was every human being in his manhood.
Here the rule was only 'giving',
But every body was busy receiving,
    Here the rule was love and sacrifice,
    But everybody turned into cats and mice.
Eventually, lost the beautiful game,
O' what a shame! What a shame!

O

The days are beautiful
But for only those, who are ever dutiful;
        They don't breathe without 'HIS' name.
        They only correct themselves never blame.
They are' HIS' true heroes,
But they consider themselves zeros.
        While living here-
        They have turned to 'dust',
        Journeyed beyond the milestone of lust.
Though physically sometimes ailing,
In their duties never failing.
        This is the secret of their success,
        In their hearts, they never forget 'HIS' address.

O

At night Hafiz would be near my bedside, Rumi on the pillow,
Guru in my heart, greeting early morning saying Hi - Hello!
In the middle of the night,
Nanak would be singing;
To every word of his, my heart would be clinging.
In 'Hari, Hari', my soul, would dwell
Saying 'Vahe Guru, Vahe Guru' my heart would swell.
Silently the mind on 'HIS' name would be musing;
Inwardly 'HIS' music, the tongue would be tuning.
Wov! Wov! what a food for the soul
Touch Eternity, thats our ultimate goal!

O

Lutaf-e-Khalis

Little did I know- that the worm (in me) would glow,
The meeting of the saint would bring to the heart 'lutaf-e-Khalis
Which for the rest of my life I would relish;
        That 'annanda' and bliss
        Which is nothing less than God's kiss
O' these lovers of God mysteriously step out of the televisions
And release their helpless children from their (bodily) prisons.
        None can pay back them, their price,
        Not only once, they forgive sinners twice
        and sometimes thrice.
Their hearts are over-flowing with pity,
Even though your lives are marred with the sinful city.
        They bless you with the joy of the joys
        While you live in this world full of noise.
        This is the fruit of their calm, composed poise.

O

Self Forgetfulness

Self forgetfulness will bring me near,
The heavenly bells, then alone will I hear.
        O' when will this happen my dear my dear
        Make me forget my siblings, my peer
        But never never indeed, my beloved seer.
Forgetgting myself, I reached so near,
Now I shall see, the scene and the seer.

Natural in gesture, chaste in thought,
Seeing his face (Saint's) I was completely bought.
    Happy was I, to become his slave,
    For, now I knew...
    To realize God, I would not have to live in a cave.

O

Mysticism

Inner sensitivity to the Divine has to be heightened,
Only then the flame in the heart can be lightened;
    A heart that feels
    Is the heart that heals,
As the heart thrives on mysticism,
It forgets the world's criticism.
    It flies like a bird with total freedom.
    In the the world becoming absent and dumb,
    With a face ever smiling, never glum.
Mysticism is a way of life.....
Where all becomes a celebration, no strife.

O

Help me God!

Help me God to open the vista of an inner vision,
May this alone be my hearts true mission.
        Help me God to be true to myself,
        Ever praying and loving only Thyself
Help me God to light my inner lamp,
In this frivolous world, my soul has turned damp.
        Help me Lord to pine and truly burn,
        To serve the poor and show kindness and concern.
Help me Lord, to do my duty,
Slowly and surely nourish my inner beauty.
        Help me God to see Your face one day,
        May the 'Sun' shine bright and reveal a 'ray'!

O

A Good Soul

A good soul was he,
Gently nurturing the family tree,
        Living a full life,
        He never fell a prey to any strife
While walking in this journey, he heard the poor man's need.
And promptly bent down to perform the good deed.
        His actions were gentle and mild,
        His words soft, for he had a heart of a child
Rare is such a spiritually evolved soul,
They go from this earth performing a perfect role.
        They leave a lingering 'fragrance' behind,
        For they have been thinking with the'heart' not the
        'mind'.
When the time comes for them to depart
Its the 'angels' up there who sing with their 'heart'.
        They are lined up there to welcome a 'soul',
        They all wish to see a human who has strived hard to
        become a 'whole'!

O

O God Make Me

O God, make me hear You in every sound...
May my love for You have no bound....
May I see 'You' in every pillar or tower.
Let me see You in every beast,
May my eyes ever enjoy Your feast.
Only 'You' may I see in each bird
In my sleep also may Your voice be heard.
Make me, my sweet Lord see 'You' alone everywhere,
Even in the jungles where I see a lion or a bear.
Make me think and ever dream of 'You',
Ever feeling happy and joyous, never feeling blue.
Make me borrow the eyes of a saint,
For he alone constantly can God's name paint.

O

Blessed is the love that is focussed on Your feet
Takes with a smile each and every defeat.
For in his heart he beholds Your face
And this can happen only with Your grace
O' Lord my sweet God, make me a devotee of this kind;
-a devotee who has lost his heart and his mind.
O' Lord play with me and make me Your special toy,
Only then I know, I'll attain that eternal unending joy.
Let my eyes only see You in each bit of this existence
Help me God to increase day by day my power of resistance.
Blessed is the heart that only holds You and Your name,
For such a soul, there is no meaning in worldly wealth or fame.
Make me Lord keep only You in my memory,
May my inhale and exhale become my rosary.

O

Self-Erasing

The game is constantly on,
It begins anew with every dawn
        Take every breath
        In 'HIS' holy depth.
Whisper only 'HIS' name
Leaving behind criticism or fame,
be at ease,
You are only answerable to HIM,
        So with human comments, don't become sad or grim.
'HE' is all loving, all embracing
You play the game of self-erasing,
        Soon you'll touch life that is ever-eternal,
        Forgetting what is here maternal or paternal.

O

O' Pilgrim!

O' pilgrim take your steps firm and strong,
Surrendering to 'HIM', never going wrong.
Though young in age,
'HE' will make you speak like a sage.
Walk in this journey lending a helping hand,
He'll assist you, making everything bright and grand.
O' pilgrim walk on, never lose sight,
Look heavenwards, HE is always shinning bright.
Make HIM your constant guide
You'll ever find HIM, walking by your side.
O' pilgrim, never ever fear
Hold HIM in your heart, HE'll wipe every tear.
He's the father, HE, the mother,
He's the sister, HE, the brother.
O' pilgrim, love HIM through and through
He's the One who is ever so true!

O

Blessed

Blessed are the eyes that only see You,
Blessed are the ears who hear your name ever a new.
    Blessed are the hands that write poems glorifying You,
    Blessed are the feet that run to temples in a queue.
Blessed is the nose that smells 'HIS' raindrops and the dew,
Blessed is the heart that is pure as gold,
    For its only 'that' heart which God is going to mould,
    'HE' loves such 'toys' only they become 'HIS' favourite joys!

O

I Owe

I owe my breath to You, O' God; I owe my body, mind and soul,
If Your saints were not there, how could I become whole?
Till the men of God pinch,
One can never understand, one owes every inch;
They are the lights of the 'Light',
Who come on earth, to make our lives bright.
If one is ready, they hold the hand,
And only depart when your end is made grand.
They are the seeds that have turned to fruits,
They don't cut your branches, they cut off your roots (of desires)
They proclaim no sounds, rather sit like mutes.
Only through good luck, one meets them in life,
Its them, who teach you life's true strife!
They are beyond the good and the bad,
Thats why, they are ever joyful, never ever sad.

O

The fire in my heart today burns for you,
But this burning sends a chill down my spine too,
        Every cell of my body longs for that 'Nazar'
-The nazar that captured my heart and soul,
-The nazar that revealed the purity of a heart,
        The innocence of an infant,
        The gentleness of a mother,
The security of a father,
The nobility of a teacher,
        The humility of a saint,
        The love of the Supreme!
O' where, where can I get a glimpse of that 'Nazar'
That makes me write gazal after gazal.

O

The 'One'

Waiting, burning, longing-
This has become my past time,
        Loving you, my words flow in poetic rhymes,
        Its a gift from you- from a saint so true!
Words indeed can never thank you
Why my heart (every moment) jumps with joy
        I really have no clue.
        To shut my eyes and see only your face-
        My heart believes this is the utmost grace;
For I know you have become one with 'The One',
Who shines in the three worlds like the brightest of the Suns!

O

Sighs

May your sighs (for God)
Touch the skys,
        May your hearts pinning
        In the midst of crowd, remain shinning;
May you always long
And for ever sing 'HIS' song;
        May your pulse throb
        And may your eyes ever sob
for 'HIM' alone
May you constantly groan;
        This is my prayer for you
        May you always see ONE and never two!

O

An Expert Cobbler

I know now, why my heart ever bleeds,
Its You that it always needs;
Like a tourist, the heart travelled here and there,
But no one could give it- the heavenly love and care;
After the hard days toil, it felt desperately lone,
For surely, it was searching its 'true' home;
At last, its sight-seeing came to an end,
For it met an expert cobbler
Who truly knew how to mend;

O

The Final 'Departure'

He was indeed a mystic cobbler,
While repairing the shoe's soles,
He was preparing a few souls.
Who ever brought him their shoes,
Went back home with their pockets full of clues.
They found their long lost 'heart'
The cobbler got them ready to 'depart',
He repaired their shoe's soles,
And also prepared their eternal souls.
The journey became joyous and exciting,
Wearing new shoes, they travelled while 'reciting'
Their hearts were filled with rapture,
Now they were happily ready for the final 'Departure'!

O

Make me love, O' Lord Make me love every creature-
-Though each and every one has a different feature.
Let not my eyes see the shell,
Make me continously drown in 'Your' spell
If my love for 'You' is true,
Make me love the yellow as well as the blue;
Let me never ever differentiate,
Make me round the clock appreciate.
May each and every beast
Become for my eyes a treat.
Let me love you in every form
Forgetting the man-made rule and norm.
Let my eyes behold only You and You,
Let my eyes never see three or two;
Make my love for 'You' absolute and blind,
Making me leave my mind far behind.
O' make me Lord Your beloved child,
-Turn me into a baby soft and mild.

O

Make me God serve the poor,
Let me not get carried away by the lure,
Let me serve those in need
Through them, may I do a good deed,
Make me always a source of joy,
Spreading happiness to all whether a girl or a boy.
Make me God take shelter only in Your 'Name'
Leaving behind sensuous pleasures and fame.
O' mould me God into Your favourite toy,
In Your hands alone can I dance with the ultimate joy.

O

Tick, Tick, Tick!

Round and round I dance today,
Shining as the 'Sun's' special ray;
My heart is singing like a lark,
In my eyes there's 'HIS' twinkling spark.
My hands are waving to and fro,
In my chest there is an invisible glow;
O' who has done this beautiful trick?
No one else, but the ONE who in the heart goes tick,tick,tick!

O

Valley of Leisure

Sometimes walking in the valley of leisure,
Its been the mind, body and soul's pleasure.
The flowers and trees have been a treat to the eyes,
Diminishing the frivolous world's futile cries.
Here the Lord God is so, so evident,
Every moment life is paying back its dividend.
Alas! how many grab this rarest of the chance,
Sleeping in their cosy beds, they're deprived of 'HIS' glance.
Indeed, this leisure valley,
Makes God and you pally pally!

O

Day in and day out, I could hear her sighs....
They silently rose up.. towards the high skies.
    They were saturated with a string of pearly tears,
    Leaving far behind all friends and peers;
Her sighs were branded as the perfume 'Unique',
Filled with a heart that was pure and meek.
    Rare are the souls, spilling perfumes, so exclusive.
    They have been working all winter turning their hearts
    intuitive.
Seldom does one meet, a soul blessed with these perfumed sighs,
Their black smoke turns the day into dark nights;
    Their hearts are sobbing, constantly longing-
    -For the 'Sight' of the Spirit Divine,- the all love, the
    pure, the Sublime!

O

The Dawn

Saints come like the Dawn,
Spreading on the ground, like the fresh green lawn.
    Flowers of all colours bloom on it,
    Silently it nourishes, and does its bit.
Saints talk to their children and eat a spirit-meal,
Mysteriously enough, whosoever comes to them, they talk and heal.
    They are the divine physicians
    Who can show you mystical visions.

O

Seeds

Seeds must hide in the Earth,
Only then can they show their worth.
Nine months of waiting..brings the embryo's birth
'Patience' is the key word to success,
Evolution itself is God's mysterious process;
-Where stones turn to plants,
plant to animal,
animal to human form,
humans to angels,
Angels to God
-And thats the story of the Sweet Lord!

O

Art of Life

Stay bewildered in God, Life is a festival only to the wise,
They are like the Sun, who early morning rise,
        For them, each incident has become a marvel,
        They walk along here, as if its an intoxicating Carnival,
They jump, they skip, they hop,
Always getting a view from the mountain-top;
        They have picked up the real 'Art of life',
        For them, there is no existence or any strife!

O

The 'Word'

O' pilgirm, its the magic of the 'Word'
Which has to be constantly heard'
        There is no choice- The 'Word' has to be repeated,
        Or else the purpose of life shall be defeated.
O' pilgrim, if only you knew it's, power...
You wouldn't waste time to climb up the Ifel tower;
        Its magical power can make you sit on 'that height',
        From where you could get a blissful heavenly sight.
O' pilgrim, the uttering of the 'Word',
Turns the milk into sweet Curd-
        -food for the little playful Krishna,

Whose very name, if uttered vanishes your 'trishna'
What a shame! what a shame!
None could see through the fool proof game.
O' pilgrim, give your heart to the true saint,
For he shall willingly your pure heart paint.
Such is the game, where the only rule is surrender,
Hidden in this world, the saints come out to plunder.
O' pilgrim, stop mourning, and contemplating on the past
Here the time is running out and the clock ticking fast;
There is no time to think, not even a second to blink,
Here the 'barter' is cheap, just give up, and become 'HIS sheep!

O

The Art

Here, there is nothing good, nothing bad,
Everything happy, everything sad,
Its the way, you look,
But its the 'mind' thats the crook.
Leave the 'mind' behind
Hold the 'heart' and be kind!
Its a life of 'perception'
Donot slip with the 'deception',
Its the 'art' of seeing,
Its the 'art' of feeling,
Its the 'art' of praying
With knees kneeling;
Taking 'HIS' name in your heart
Its the 'art' of how to depart!(die)

O

Repetition

Life is not a competition,
Its merely a repetition.
    Isn't it a beautiful mystery?
    Again and again, we repeat the history.
Often in deep thoughts parents muse....
Children give the same old excuse.
    Sometimes they pass, and sometimes they fail
    Whether in poetry or in prose its always the same old tale.
Day in and day out action is repeated;
Only one thing is important-purpose of life shouldn't be defeated.
    One moment we inhale
    The next moment we exhale
Little do we know,
We are captured in a 'jail'!

O

The 'Spark'

This life is like a dark stormy night,
Where each one of us has lost his or her sight;
We constantly grope in the dark,
Only by sheer luck, happen to see a 'Spark'
The 'Spark' is readily shinning,
But soothes the hearts that are pinning;
God's secrets are one by one revealed,
Which for millions of years have been lying sealed;
The night turns into glorious days,
The conscious awakes like the Sun's rays.
The time comes to meet the Sweet 'Lord'
The human heart strikes the heavenly chord.

O

The Owl

Even if millions of Suns shine,
The 'owl' is drowned in me and mine
The 'day' has no meaning for it,
For it thrives only on garbage and shit,
Explaining things to an owl
Can only make us listen to its growl,
Its like pouring water on a net,
Or capturing air in a cage.
The owl is used to living always in a rage,
Even if you explain 'HIS' secrets page by page.
He can not see the difference between a thief and a sage;
So 'lovers' don't waste time
They know the owls can not climb.

O

Love is subtle,
More precious than the yellow metal,
        Love is an experience.....
        ....all thoughts clearance!!
Where the mind is empty
Dancing like the Humpty-Dumpty.
        Where the heart is happy
        And the feet become tappy.
Love is elusive
Love is exclusive,
        Where one feels on top of the world,
        Visualizes 'HIS' fair locks beautifully curled.
Love is delicious like a special 'dish',
Precious as the water for a fish.
        Love is life,
        Absent of all strife;
Love is a beautiful game,
Putting the wicked into shame.
        Love is purity-
        Granting salvation and surety.
God is love,
Gentler than a dove,
        Love is the breath,
        Without Love, its human death!

O

My Prayer

O' Lord, Sweet Lord bless me with the lover's sight,
So that I may always do what is righteously right.
Bless me always with the company of a saint-
For he alone can my restless mind paint;
I beseech thee Lord- Come in my dreams,
And row my boat gently down the streams.
Bless me Lord with the ears that hear the celestial sounds,
Make my spirit rise higher and higher from these earthly grounds
Time and again, I've been coming on this earth,
O'Lord, Sweet Lord, make this my last birth.

O

A Home

A heart full of love and compassion,
With these, I'm striving to build a beautiful mansion,
A 'Home' for all....
Whether big or small;
A 'temple' thats open around the clock,
Where each one just steps in, no need to knock.
Where every face reminds me of 'HIM',
Where my 'cup of love is filled to the brim.
A 'Home' where slowly but surely each desire is banished,
The 'mind' totally dissolved, before the body from here is vanished.
This, O' Lord, my wish, please grant.
For I gave my heart to a saint.
Where the seed of 'NAM' did he plant.

O

Destination

Each day I silently ponder,
Here everything makes me wonder.
    Mysterious are 'HIS' ways
    And, indeed! magical 'HIS' plays.
Living in time and place,
The 'Master' makes us reach The Timeless beyond space;
    Each one has to reach the green pasture,
    Where awaits the world's great 'Master'
Only on reaching this journey's last station
Will we understand, what is a human life's destination.
    Find a true 'Friend'-the lover of God,
    He'll smile and take you there with a gentle nod.

O

Real Home

The moment you decide to hand over your reins,
'HE' sucks all your worldly pains.
    Become whole-heartedly 'HIS'
    Forgetting that or this,
    Walk onwards towards your real HOME,
    Don't get fascinated by the palace or the tomb.
Be a guest in this temporary abode,
Walk silently on the Spiritual road.

O

Solitude vs Loneliness

To be in solitude is a blessing....
On every step Sweet Lord's riddles you're guessing...
    But to be lonely is a curse,
    Where human life couldn't be worse,
To live in solitude is an Art,
Where you and God never ever part.

O

You

I am searching for 'You' in every nook and corner,
Sometimes in the joyous heart, and sometimes in a mourner.
    You stay in all the colours,
    In tiny cottages and mighty pillars
Your mystery is unending
And man's ego unbending.
    Make me God see through the 'Light',
    Never for a moment lose Your 'Sight'!

O

Each

Each breath is for 'You' my Lord,
My bodily death for 'You' my God.
  Each day for You,
  Each night in You.
May I live my life like this,
Each moment feel Your blissful Kiss!
  Each life for You,
  Always make me see One, never two.

O

Paradise

On and on, in this world I can walk,
Provided in my ears, You will for ever talk.
  The thought of once getting Your glance...
  In this weary journey makes me dance.
Oh! if only once could I hear that 'Sound'
Paradise could be experienced on this very ground.

O

A Man of God !

His eyes shone with a lustre;
twinkling now and then.
His gestures were gentle and loving
But his voice was surcharged
with emotion and feelings.
When he sat down for 'Katha',
there was hushed silence-
The auidence was profoundly affected;
For he spoke through his heart,
a heart that was crystal clear
(transparent and mirror like)
Connected to the Sweet Lord constantly.
It was a bliss and a blessing
to be in his company;
His very presence
had the magnetic power
of transforming human beings.

O